NUMB. L.

The GUARDIAN.

O Rus quando ego te Aſpiciam—— Hor.

Friday, May 8. 1713.

THE Perplexities and Diverſions, recounted in the following Letter, are repreſented with ſome pleaſantry; I ſhall therefore make this Epiſtle the Entertainment of the Day.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'THE time of going into the Country drawing 'near, I am extremely enlivened with the a-'greeable Memorial of every Thing that contri-'buted to my Happineſs when I was laſt there. In 'the recounting of which, I ſhall not dwell ſo much 'upon the Verdure of the Fields, the Shade of 'Woods, the Trilling of Rivulets, or Melody of 'Birds, as upon ſome particular Satisfactions, which, 'though not merely Rural, muſt naturally create 'a Deſire of ſeeing that Place, where only I have 'met with them. As to my Paſſage I ſhall make 'no other mention, than of the Pompous Pleaſure 'of being whirl'd along with ſix Horſes, the eaſie 'Grandeur of Lolling in an handſom Chariot, the 'Reciprocal Satisfaction the Inhabitants of all 'Towns and Villages received from, and returned 'to Paſſengers of ſuch Diſtinction. The Gentle-'man's Seat (with whom, among others, I had the 'Honour to go down) is the Remains of an ancient 'Caſtle, which has ſuffered very much for the Loy-'alty of its Inhabitants. The Ruins of the ſeveral 'Turrets and Strong-Holds, gave my Imagination 'more pleaſant Exerciſe than the moſt magnificent 'Structure could do, as I look upon the honoura-'ble Wounds of a defaced Soldier with more Ve-'neration than the moſt exact proportion of a beau-'tiful Woman. As this Deſolation renewed in 'me a general Remembrance of the Calamities of 'the late Civil Wars, I began to grow deſirous to 'know the Hiſtory of the particular Scene of Act-'on in this Place of my Abode. I here muſt beſeech 'you not to think me tedious in mentioning a cer-'tain Barber, who for his general Knowledge of 'Things and Perſons, may be had in equal Eſtima-'tion with any of that Order among the *Romans*. 'This Perſon was allowed to be the beſt Hiſtorian 'upon the Spot; and the Sequel of my Tale will 'diſcover, that I did not chuſe him ſo much for 'the ſoft Touch of his Hand, as his Abilities to en-'tertain me with an Account of the Leaguer Time, 'as he calls it, the moſt Authentick Relations of 'which, thro' all parts of the Town, are derived 'from this Perſon. I found him, indeed, extremely 'Loquatious, but withal a Man of as much Vera-'city as an Impetuous Speaker could be. The 'firſt time he came to Shave me, before he applied 'his Weapon to my Chin, he gave me a flouriſh 'with it, very like the Salutation the Prize-fighters 'give the Company with theirs, which made me 'apprehend Inciſion would as certainly enſue. The 'Dexterity of this Overture conſiſts in playing the 'Razor, with a nimble Wriſt, mighty near the Noſe 'without touching it; convincing him therefore of 'the dangerous Conſequence of ſuch an unneceſ-'ſary Agility, with much Perſuaſion I ſuppreſſed it. 'During the peruſal of my Face, he gives me ſuch 'Accounts of the Families in the Neighbourhood, 'as Tradition and his own Obſervation have fur-'niſhed him with. Whenever the precipitation of 'his Account makes him blunder, his cruel Right-'Hand correſponds, and the Razor diſcovers on 'my Face, at what part of it he was in the peacea-'ble, and at what part in the bloody Incidents of 'his Narrative. But I had long before learned to 'expoſe my Perſon to any Difficulties that might 'tend to the Improvement of my Mind. His 'Breath, I found, was very Peſtilential, and being 'obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carry-'ing on his Narrations, I beſeeched him, before he 'came into my Room, to go into the Kitchen and 'mollifie it with a Breakfaſt. When he had taken 'off my Beard, with part of my Face, and dreſſed 'my Wounds in the Capacity of a Barber-Surgeon, 'we traverſed the Outworks about the Caſtle, 'where I received particular Information in what 'Places any of Note among the Beſiegers, or the 'Beſieged, received any Wound, and I was carried 'always to the very Spot where the Fact was done, 'howſoever dangerous (Scaling part of the Walls, 'or ſtumbling over looſe Stones) my Approach to 'ſuch Place might be, it being conceived impoſſi-'ble to arrive at a true Knowledge of thoſe Matters, 'without this hazardous Explanation upon them; 'inſomuch that I received more Contuſions from 'theſe Speculations, than I probably could have 'done, had I been the moſt bold Adventurer at the 'Demolition of this Caſtle. This, as all other his 'Informations, the Barber ſo lengthened and huſ-'banded with Digreſſions, that he had always ſome 'thing new to offer, wiſely concluding, that when 'he had finiſhed the Part of an Hiſtorian, I ſhould 'have no occaſion for him as a Barber.

'When-

(Price Two Pence.)

'Whenever I look'd at this ancient Pile of Building, I thought it perfectly reſembled any of thoſe Caſtles, which, in my Infancy, I had met with in Romances, where ſeveral unfortunate Knights and Ladies were, by certain Giants, made Priſoners irrecoverably, till *the Knight of the burning Peſtle*, or any other of equal Hardineſs, ſhould deliver 'em from a long Captivity. There is a Park adjoining, pleaſant beyond the moſt Poetical Deſcription, one Part of which is particularly Private by being Inacceſſible to thoſe that have not great Reſolution. This I have made Sacred to Love and Poetry, and after having regularly invoked the Goddeſs I adore, I here compoſe a tender Couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to ſhew my particular Friends, who love me ſo well as to conceal my Follies. After my Poetry ſinks upon me, I relieve the Labour of my Brain by a little Manuſcript with my Penknife; while with *Rocheſter*,

Here on a Beech, like amorous Sot,
I ſometimes carve a True-Loves Knot;
There a tall Oak her Name does bear,
In a large ſpreading Character.

'I confeſs once whilſt I was engraving one of my moſt curious Conceits upon a delicate ſmooth Bark, my Feet in the Tree, which I had gained with much Skill, deſerted me and the Lover, with much Amazement came plump into the River: I did not recover the true Spirit of Amour under a Week, and not without applying my ſelf to ſome of the ſofteſt Paſſages in *Caſandra* and *Cleopatra*.

'Theſe are the Pleaſures I meet without Doors; thoſe within were as follow. I had the Happineſs to lie in a Room that had a large Hole opening from it, which, by unqueſtionable Tradition, had been formerly continued to an Abby, two Miles from the Caſtle, for a Communication betwixt the auſtere Creatures of that Place, with others not altogether ſo contemplative. And the Keeper's Brother aſſures me, that when he formerly lay in this Room, he had ſeen ſome of the Spirits, of this departed Brotherhood, enter from the Hole into this Chamber, where they continued with the utmoſt Civility to Fleſh and Blood, till they were oppreſſed by the Morning Air: And if I don't receive his Account with a very ſerious and believing Countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a moſt ridiculous Infidel. The moſt unaccountable Pleaſure I take is with a fine white young Owl, which ſtrayed one Night in at my Window, and which I was reſolved to make a Priſoner, but withal to give all the Indulgence that its Confinement could poſſibly admit of. I ſo far inſinuated my ſelf into his Favour, by Preſents of freſh Proviſions, that we could be very good Company together. There is ſomething in the Eye of that Creature, of ſuch merry Luſtre, ſomething of ſuch Human cunning in the turn of its Viſage, that I found vaſt delight in the ſurvey of it. One Objection indeed I at firſt ſaw, that this Bird being the Bird of *Pallas*, the choice of this Favourite might afford curious Matter of Raillery to the Ingenious, eſpecially when it ſhall be known, that I am as much delighted with a Cat as ever *Montaigne* was. But notwithſtanding this, I'm ſo far from being aſham'd of this particular Humour, that I eſteem my ſelf very happy in having my odd Taſte of Pleaſure provided for upon ſuch reaſonable Terms. What heightned all the Pleaſures I have ſpoke of, was the agreeable Freedom with which the Gentleman of the Houſe entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the Company, as he thought fit, din'd in his Chamber or the Parlor, as a fit of Spleen or Study directed him; nay, ſometimes every Man rode or walk'd a different way, ſo that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleas'd with our ſelves and each other.

I am, SIR,
Your moſt Obedient,
Humble Servant,
R. B.

P. S. 'I had juſt given my Orders for the Preſs, when my Friend Mrs. *Bicknell* made me a Viſit. She came to deſire I would ſhow her the Wardrobe of the *Lizard*'s (where the various Habits of the Anceſtors of that Illuſtrious Family are preſerved) in order to furniſh her with a proper Dreſs for the *Wife of Bath*. Upon ſight of the little Ruffs, ſhe ſnatched one of them from the Pin, clapt it round her Neck, and turning briskly towards me, repeated a Speech out of her Part in the Comedy of that Name. If the reſt of the Actors enter into their ſeveral Parts with the ſame Spirit, the humorous Characters of this Play cannot but appear excellent on the Theatre: For very good Judges have informed me, that the Author has drawn them with great Propriety, and an exact Obſervation of the Manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

There is now preparing for the Preſs, A Collection of Original Poems and Tranſlations by the moſt eminent Hands, to be Publiſh'd by Mr. Steele. Such Gentlemen therefore who are willing to appear in this Miſcellany, are deſired to communicate the ſame, directed to Jacob Tonſon Bookſeller in the Strand.

Juſt Publiſhed, the Third Edition of
CATO, *a Tragedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, By Her Majeſty's Servants. Written by Mr. Addiſon.* N. B. *There are a ſmall Number Printed on a Fine Paper. Alſo, Juſt Publiſh'd, the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Volumes of the* Spectators *in* 8vo *and* 12mo. *Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.*

By SUBSCRIPTION.
At the laſt Performance.
At Mr. Hickford's Great Dancing Room over againſt the Tennis Court in James-ſtreet near the Hay-market, this Day, being the 8th of May, will be perform'd a Conſort of Muſick, Vocal and Inſtrumental, by Signor Nicolino Haym, and others, Conſiſting of ſeveral Entertainments of Singing by the Baroneſs, and another Scholar of Signor Haym, who never appeared in Publick. With ſeveral other Entertainments by ſome of the beſt Performers who are at this preſent time here in England. The Tickets will be delivered out at Mrs. White's Chocolate Houſe in St. James's-ſtreet, this Day. And at the particular Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Quality who deſign to go to Hide Park, it will begin exactly at 7 of the Clock.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.